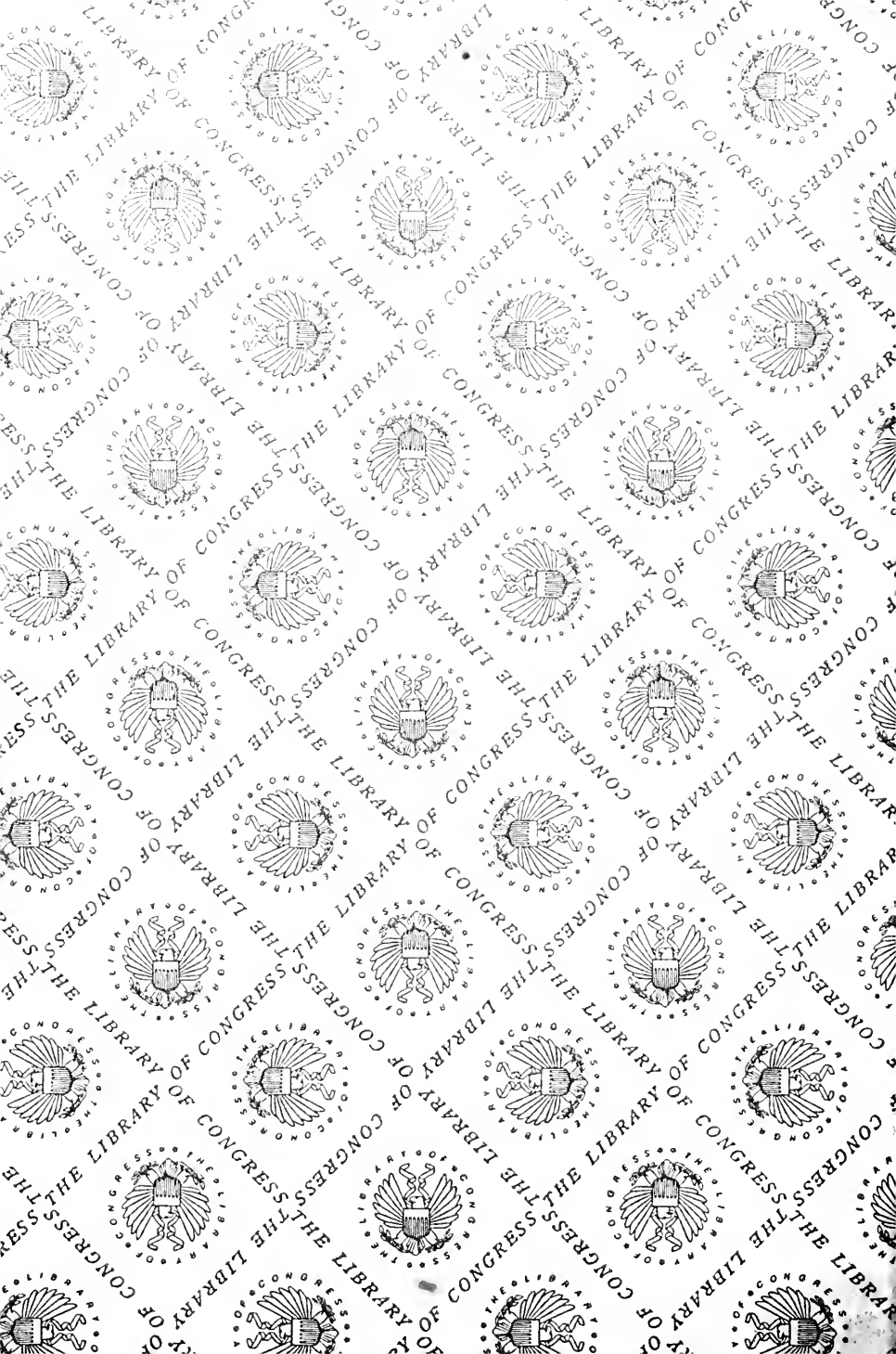
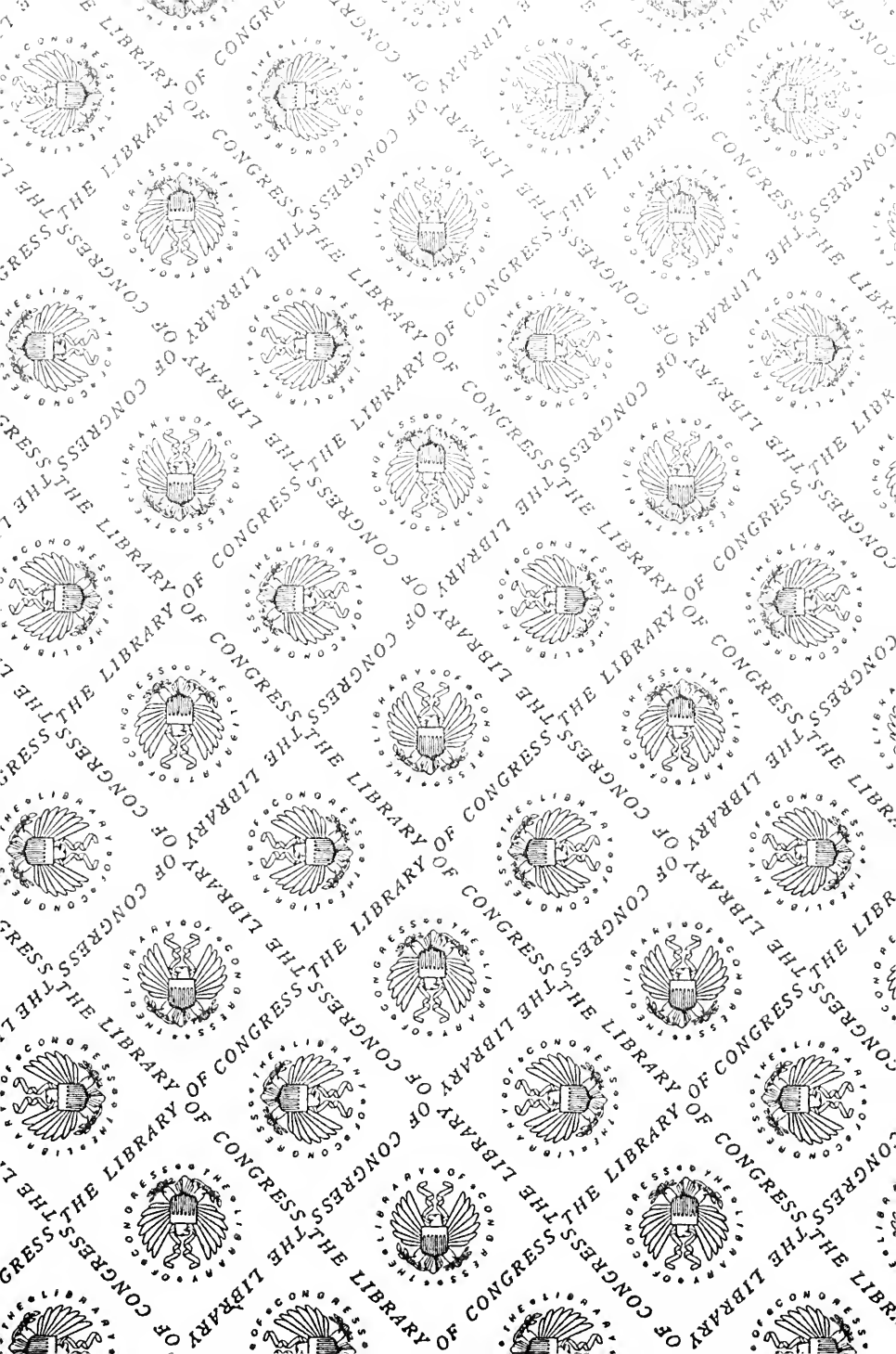


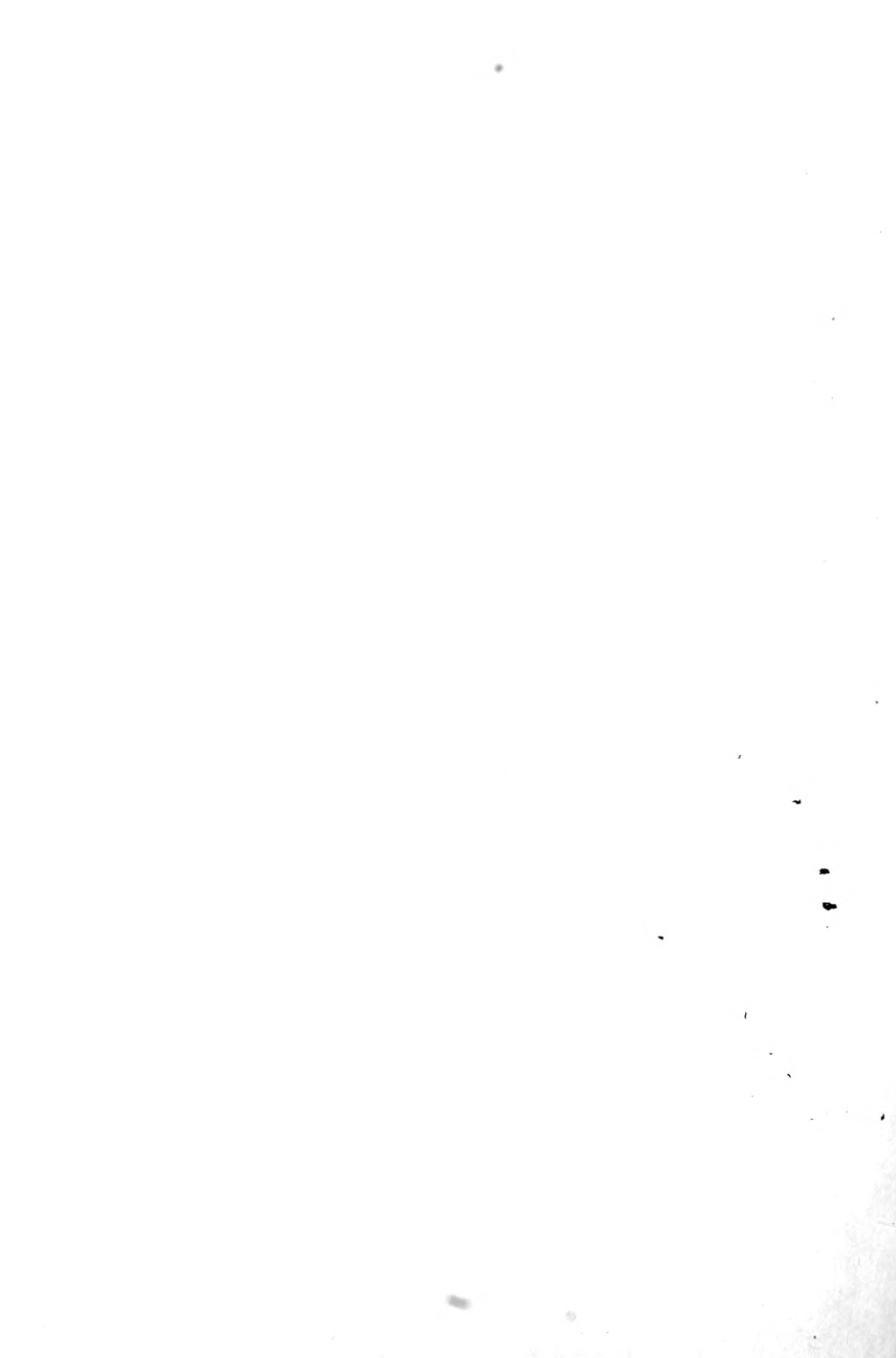
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*Dedicated to*  
***K. M. T.***

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## FOREWORD

This book of verse can scarcely hope  
To special purpose serve,  
And yet some one may chance to say;  
"It surely has its *nerve*."

Since nerve is kin to courage  
Which is of splendid use,  
That single mite of merit  
May stand as some excuse.



## TWO VIEWS OF CHRISTMAS.

**I**N the rush of the world and its greed for gold,  
They say that Sentiment's growing cold,  
That even Christmas isn't the same,  
The spirit is gone, and only in name  
Is the sacred season observed today  
And not in the sweet old-fashioned way  
Of "Peace on Earth, good will to men."  
'Tis now but a time of weariness when  
The giving is but the paying of debt,  
As the fetters of obligation fret.  
No touch of tenderness leaves its trace  
In the whirl of Mammon's market place.

This pitiful pessimistic view  
May be the state of a sordid few,  
But the spirit of Christ is just as strong  
In the heart of the busy hustling throng—  
And millions of splendid deeds are done  
For the sake of Bethlehem's gentle son.  
The wanderer homeward wends his way  
Drawn by the magnet of Christmas day,  
While severed friendships feel the glow  
Of reflected gleams from the Long Ago,  
And Conscience gives a memory smile  
To the good intentions of After-while;  
For the Star of the East still shines as bright  
As it did on that distant glorious night,  
And Wise men now and forever-more  
Will the Prince of Love and Peace adore.

## THE OLD YEAR'S REVERY.

O, here's a kiss, a New Year's gift  
From childish lips so sweet,  
A silver'd head low boweth down  
The warm caress to meet.

O, here's a blush neath drooping eyes,  
A glad "yes" whispered low;  
A maiden fair, a suitor bold,  
The world with love aglow.

And here's a hope that's just fulfilled,  
And there's another crushed;  
And here's a voice that singeth still  
While truer tones are hushed.

A dimpled baby cooing bliss  
Into a mother's heart,  
A little grave beneath the snow  
A sadder woman's part.

And Wrong is clothed in regal garb  
And yields a mighty sway,  
While Right is wrapped in slumber robes  
And hideth by the way.

The roses and forget-me-nots  
Have left the garden bed,—  
But shyly vagrant violets  
Are blooming there instead.

And Joy is smiling close beside  
The deepest wail of woe,  
While hearts are cold that beat so warm  
A little while ago.

Such things and many more as strange  
Across my threshold lie,  
O, New Year, just the same t'will be  
When comes thy time to die.

To every life I've something brought  
On each brow left a trace,  
That thou with all thy smiles or tears  
Canst never quite efface.

## THE DAY OF RESOLUTION.

(January First)

Volumes of good resolutions are rustling their leaves today  
Disturbed by the breeze of regret for promises gone astray;  
For every year on the first we feel a thrill of delight  
That opportunity comes to start some fresh intentions right.  
And memory softly sleeps as we usually duplicate  
Determinations often made upon the annual date.  
It really matters not so much that some resolves fall through  
So long as we never quite forget the good we *intended* to do.

## HIS REWARD OF MERIT.

They had the merriest Christmas time  
Enjoyed for many a year,  
Plenty of holly and mistletoe  
Plenty of fun and cheer.  
The chimney stockings overflowed,  
The pantry shelf was great,  
With loads of luscious things to eat  
Arrayed in tempting state.  
Such charming entertaining, too,  
Luncheons, teas and dances,  
With cozy corner matinees  
That promised rich romances.  
Each member gave the other what  
A timely hint expressed;  
It really seemed that Santa Claus  
Had feathered the family nest.  
And presents went to relatives  
And friends in rich supply  
While father who furnished the cash for it all  
Received for his neck a tie.

## WISDOM OF THE WIDOW.

“What shall I do for Christmas, what shall I give away?  
I’ve scarcely any money to spend this holiday;  
And yet I must remember friends and relatives dear  
And also the little children, in token of Christmas cheer.”

She went her way rejoicing to the five and ten-cent store,  
And when she left its portal, carried bundles by the score.

A very rare assortment of every kind of toy  
And many other modest ambassadors of joy.

A wagon, train and rattle, balls and games and blocks,  
Ribbons, caps and aprons and several shades of socks.

Calendars, cards and candy, mirrors, mittens and mats,  
Jumping Jacks and marbles, a couple of calico cats.

Cologne and horns and baskets, dolls and dominoes,  
Checkers and letter paper and crocheted baby hose.

A splendid little soldier, a grizzly Teddy-bear,  
Horns and drums and whistles and dolly’s rocking-chair.

Scarfs, and ties and runners, knitted shopping bags  
A scrap-book and a picture, a bunch of holly tags.

Her arms were overflowing with stacks of good intents  
That cost her altogether three dollars and fifty cents.

In every single article selected with special care  
The sweetest *test* essence of Christmas, the spirit of giving was there.

And that merry little widow in generous delight  
Enjoyed a treat in spending her money with all her might.

## MOUNT OF AMBITION.

(Pike's Peak.)

Did great Ambition give thee birth, thou Wonder of the west,  
Art thou a strange and mighty growth of soaring wild unrest?  
Or was thy aim to climb until thou touched high Heaven's wall,  
And waiting there be first to hear the Master's final call?

Rare gifts thou gathered in thy flights as did the Wise of Old,  
Sweet flowers on thy rugged breast above a heart of gold.  
Thy jeweled veins fast holding priceless treasures for thy King,  
To shame perchance the wealth of trophies human hands may  
bring.

So lonely dost thou seem and sad, that tender clouds droop  
down,  
To wreath about thy royal head a more than regal crown.  
The laughing sun grows brighter, too, to welcome thee at dawn,  
While moon and stars in silver light seem nearer to thee drawn.

And yet not even thou couldst reach the goal thou wouldst  
attain,  
And so thy tears in crystal streams flow back to earth again.  
The Hand Divine was firmly pressed to thine aspiring brow,  
And bade thee go no further up than where thou standest now.

The humblest blossom at thy feet may hear the summons first,  
And yet methinks the Father will allay thy lofty thirst,  
For noble aspirations checked on earth and seeming lost,  
Will some way find the recompense well worth the struggle's  
cost.

## HERE'S TO MAN.

He's fickle and false,  
Constant and true,  
It all depends  
On the sample in view.

He's good and wicked,  
Stupid and wise,  
The greatest Conundrum  
Under the skies.

We won't give him up  
Though fallen from grace,  
For there's nothing so good  
To put in his place.

---

## BECAUSE OF HER.

Because of her a man became  
A leading light in halls of fame,  
And equally in quiet ways  
Lived nobly all his earthly days.

Yet that sweet woman never knew,  
But softly sighed sometimes to rue  
That she no greatness could attain,  
And seemingly had lived in vain.

## THE ONE WHO UNDERSTANDS.

My friend's little army of children  
Came running in from play,  
With clothes and hands and faces  
All smeared and soiled with clay;  
But mother-love saw the beauty  
No dirt could ever subdue,  
As she smiled upon each of the youngsters  
And hugged and kissed them, too.

I could but think when we answer  
The summons that comes to us all,  
And appear before our Father  
Responsive to His call;  
Though our lives be soiled in the living  
Where weeds of the world have grown,  
He'll take us in and love us  
Because we are His own.  
And, O, how sweet the solace  
To find He understood,  
Through all our sins and trials  
*The wish of the soul was good.*



## THE OLD PIANO.

The old piano's voice is cracked  
Its melody has flown,  
No tuning ever can restore  
Its once delightful tone.

You wish Grandfather would exchange  
Or buy a Parlor Grand,  
Yet this one stirs the spirit chords  
Untouched by mortal hand.

I gave it to the dearest girl,  
When she became my wife,  
And when she played its keys of pearl  
It surely sweetened life.

We gathered round it every night  
And sang the good old lays,  
We raised "Old Hundred" full and free—  
To voice our hearts of praise.

We dearly loved The Mocking Bird,  
Juanita, and Old Dog Tray,  
Home Sweet Home, and Rosin the Beau,  
And Darling Nellie Gray.

In time she sang a slumber song  
A soothing little tune,  
That ripples through my memory still  
With the same persuasive croon.

Of course it sounds discordant now  
'Twas built for airs refined,  
And will not lend its tones to sound  
The new suggestive kind.

## THE OLD PIANO

It's something like we old-time folks  
Who praise the peaceful past,  
And think the present pace of things  
Is over-loud and fast.

Why yes, I'll get a Parlor Grand—  
But the old piano must stay,  
'Twould seem like hurting the heart of a friend  
If I should send it away.

It seems a sacred thing to me  
Deserving special grace,  
So have it moved to my own room  
You'll find there's plenty of space.

And sometimes, darling, just about  
The hour of day's decline,  
Be sure to come and sing for me  
The songs of Auld Lang Syne.

## A MAN'S MISTAKE.

### HER LETTER.

Dear Husband of mine. I'm happy to say  
My health is improving every day;  
There's a magic spell in the summer sea  
That proves a perfect balm for me:  
Congenial company, too, I find  
To tone and stimulate the mind.  
There's but one cloud across my sky—  
The fact that you are nowhere nigh;  
It's awful to think of you there alone  
With nought for my absence to atone;  
Unless each day you let me know  
You're well and happy, I'll homeward go:  
But if I knew you were satisfied  
Throughout the season I'd here abide.

### HIS ANSWER.

My dear little wife, so tender and true,  
Don't let a thought of me trouble you;  
I'm having quite the bulliest time,  
Naught disturbing this frame of mine:  
Business is slow, so I slip away  
From the office early every day,  
And gather a bunch of congenial boys  
To motor along and seek the joys  
The Club affords for the man bereft  
Of wife or sweetheart lately left.  
We tennis, golf, and smoke and think,  
Take now and then the mildest drink,  
Then drop in on some summer shows,  
And so the jolly seasons goes.  
Don't think of coming back, my dear,  
You really are not needed here.

### THE SEQUEL

That innocent man now wonders in vain  
Why his wife came home on the very next train.

## A WOMAN'S WISH.

Be reconciled when loved ones die  
Remember safe from sin they lie,  
And sorrow, too, can touch them not  
All wrong and pain is now forgot,—  
So leave the dead and let the living know  
The joy that life can still bestow.

Thus does the world full oft advise  
And many deem the counsel wise.

The feeling may be wrong, Sweetheart,  
And yet when comes our time to part  
I can not wish it should be so;  
If I must be the first to go,  
I shall not say: "Be reconciled,"  
But—"Let sweet memories be piled  
Around thy heart so very near  
Thou never canst forget me dear."  
"Be reconciled," I shall not say,  
But—"Miss me more and more each day."

## TWILIGHT TEA.

"Oh, won't you come to Twilight Tea  
And have a cozy chat with me?  
'Twill be the simplest little spread."  
That's what the charming maiden said.  
Of course no man with fancy loose  
Could form a suitable excuse.  
I went! and how that Twilight Tea  
Played havoc unforeseen with me!  
I held the smallest painted cup  
Took now and then a nervous sup,  
And every time I felt a quake  
Because my clumsy hand would shake.  
How could I mind that awful tea  
When she was smiling so at me?  
I lost my grip and with a crash  
That cup and saucer went to smash!  
I rose and said with sudden start:  
"It's broken up just like my heart."  
She calmly answered: "Never mind,  
I have some glue, a special kind,  
'Twill mend, I'll use it just for show  
The break no one will ever know."  
"But what about my heart?" I cried;  
"I want a remedy applied."  
She said, with most beguiling grace;  
"Why, put another in its place."  
'Twas then I used advantage fine  
And captured hers for smashing mine.  
That's why above all treats to me  
There's nothing equals Twilight Tea.

## BEFORE AND AFTER THE BALL.

### HIS NOTE.

To grace the debut ball tonight  
I'm sending you some roses bright;  
As fair as they may your future be,  
And yet this date is the doom of me,  
Because I shan't have the ghost of a chance  
Beside the fellows you'll meet at the dance;  
And so I'm saying, "Good-bye, little girl,  
You'll be a star in the social whirl."

### HER ANSWER.

Thanks for the roses; they were dear,  
Although your note was very queer;  
'Twas most unkind to write so blue  
When a girl was needing courage, too.  
Perhaps you've forgotten the maxim old  
Conceived in days when knights were bold  
That: "None but the brave deserve the fair,"  
So enter the ranks—if you *really* care.  
Come! give the others a splendid shove  
Since competition's the spice of love  
(My heart hasn't changed position at all  
And yet it's the morning after the ball).

## WHY HE SENDS THE ROSES.

In dreamful wise a maiden's eyes  
Reviewed her dancing list,  
She softly smiled to realize  
No single one was missed.  
The ball had been her fairy dream  
Of youthful bliss come true,  
Its joy would form a brilliant gleam  
To gild the future through.  
She closely scanned each partner's name  
And felt somewhat amused,  
And also just a little shame  
To find herself confused,  
In thinking "who" was "who," but still,—  
When things were in a whirl  
To place all personalities  
Would puzzle any girl.  
"It matters not," she whispered low,  
"There's one I'll ne'er forget  
He sent the roses that I wore  
And they are fragrant yet."  
( 'Tis so, somehow the flight of years  
This subtle fact discloses,  
A woman's heart will closest cling  
To him who sends the roses.  
Perhaps because their coming makes  
A tender truth occur,  
That something beautiful and sweet  
Has made him think of her.)

## WOMAN'S ARMOR

She heard her baby singing  
Softly singing while at play,  
And it seemed no sweeter music  
Ever brightened any day.  
Her soul she felt was shielded  
With a child to guide it here,  
And another, making Heaven  
Seem so very real and near.

Then her spirit found the soothing  
That an anchored faith had brought,  
And her mood of meditation  
Led her to this vein of thought :  
One can understand how woman  
May be tempted by the wrong,  
How her gentle trusting nature  
May be conquered by the strong :  
But if her heart has ever known  
The grace of motherhood,  
*And she be bound by deed of birth*  
To lead a soul to good,  
She should wear an inward armor  
Formed with principles of might,  
That neither force nor circumstance  
Can swerve from paths of right.



## REMINDED.

O yes! I knew that death must come to all,  
My tears had fallen oft for others' woe;  
On faces fair I'd seen the shadow fall,  
And wondered hearts could beat and suffer so.  
But still the flowers bloomed as fresh and pure,  
The sun shone bright and many lives were gay;  
My own was rich in joy and love so sure,  
I quite forgot that grief could find the way  
Across my threshold's guard of rare content:  
But ah! one day two sweetest eyes did sleep  
Beneath such frozen lids I could not rent  
Them open e'en to glimpse the love so deep  
I knew was hiding there. A gentle face  
That bravely smiled through any loss or gain  
Now held a peace serene, a happy trace  
Of something strange beyond the realm of pain.

'Tis true this life still pours its blessings out  
For me, and yet a veil of sadness shades  
The brightest hour and ever wraps about  
My heart a sense of loss that never fades.

## COMFORTED.

*A message from James Whitcomb Riley's poem "Bereaved."*

To me the joy of life was all undone,  
For death had placed my only little one  
Away from reach beneath the tender flowers,  
And gloom had draped the hours.

At first I thought the awful stillness meant  
A sleep that sobs could break, and so I rent  
The air with cries that life his form would thrill.  
But he is sleeping still.

A leaden weight of grief my spirit crushed;  
All nature seemed in saddest sorrow hushed.  
They said: "You will feel better bye and bye  
If you will only cry."

I strove to lose my own in others thought  
And read so many lines with wisdom fraught,  
But yet they brought my wound no healing balm,  
Nor broke the bitter calm.

But ah! one day as o'er a page I glanced,  
A title held my eye, and so I chanced  
To read those sweetest verses called "Bereaved"  
And wept and was relieved.

And now I thank the Love Divine that would  
So crown me with the bliss of motherhood,  
Though soon the little arms did loose their hold,  
And baby's life was told.

Aye, told on earth, but somewhere else I know,  
Its promise doth to rich fulfillment grow,  
And something of my own, through sacrifice,  
Has entered Paradise.

For through the aftermath of peace I see  
While death is hard indeed, yet still to be  
Denied the gift of child to human heart,  
Is far the sadder part.

## HINT OF THE AUTUMN TINT.

A woman failed to realize  
How cruel time forever flies  
And steals away so much that's fair—  
The things for which we women care:  
So unobserving that forsooth  
She wore the color shades of youth  
When passing years had left their trace  
Upon the freshness of her face.  
Her friends awoke her to the fact  
By quite a novel bit of tact.

Upon her birthday presents came,  
In varied forms, but tints the same,  
A shoulder scarf, a motor veil,  
A breakfast robe with trimmings pale,  
Some kerchiefs worked in fetching style,  
And incidentals by the pile.  
A volume filled with "Gems of Hope"  
All done in dainty heliotrope.  
Candied violets, purple hose,  
A bunch of shaded ribbon bows.

The woman gave a little sigh  
And said: "Tis very plain that I  
Have reached the autumn of my days,  
The time for mellow color's haze,  
Since purple's many varied tone  
In every single gift is shown.  
I'll take the timely hint of truth—  
Farewell the pinks and blues of youth!  
And yet my heart is in its prime  
Without a touch of autumn time."

## WHY SHE WAS CROWNED.

Soon after the dawn of a perfect day  
The flowers came out in fresh array,  
Each one wearing its brightest and best,  
As if by the angels freshly drest.  
The Rose was pink as a maiden's blush,  
Poppy attired in crimson plush;  
Lily came out in her bridal robes,  
And Buttercup in golden globes;  
Hyacinth wore a purple shade,  
Dahlia seemed from the rainbow made.  
Pansy came as a beautiful thought,  
In many tinted fancies caught.  
Forget-Me-Not in the softest blue,  
Heliotrope in her special hue.  
This fairest crowd that ever was seen  
Assembled to choose for themselves a queen.  
The Judge to decide was big Sunflower,  
And blossoms were there from every bower.  
The breezes round them far and nigh,  
Like breath of cherubs from the sky;  
When each one bent its lovely head  
To listen to what the Sunflower said,  
Daisy peeped up with the cutest nod  
That tickled the heart of the Goldenrod.  
"Because of her sweetness all year round  
I think Violet ought to be crowned;  
She's never quit blooming since her birth,  
But is always trying to brighten earth;  
If winds and rain lay her low on the sod  
She trusts that behind is a smile of God;  
She just grows on in her modest way,  
So I make her Queen of us all today."  
They shook their leaves like a whispering voice  
And quite agreed with the Judge's choice;  
They sank to sleep when the sun went down,  
And Violet quite forgot her crown.

## FORCE OF CONTRAST.

She sobbed: "My sorrow is greater,  
Far greater than I can bear,  
I'm sure there was never another  
So burdened with such a care."

She sighted by accident only  
The weight of a neighbor's woe,  
It shattered her sobs into silence  
And all her rebellion laid low.

She said: "That cross is sufficient  
The strength of a soul to destroy,  
Beside it the depth of my sorrow  
Assumes a resemblance to joy."

## THE FACE OF PHILLIPS BROOKS.

They told me Truth was dead,  
That Honor's heart was bleeding,  
That Charity's drooping head  
No human cry was heeding.  
That Pity's tears were dry,  
And Faith was lost in Creed,  
That God was much too high  
For earthly calls of need.  
That love and trust and goodness  
Are found not any more,  
Except within the volumes  
Of long forgotten lore.  
My spirit drooped in sorrow  
For loss of man's best friends,  
I cried: "What use tomorrow,  
Why struggle for such ends?"

I've seen a face today—  
It's pictured silence speaks  
For courage, truth and might;  
Of purpose firm that seeks  
To conquer Wrong by Right.  
And such a soul is purely  
A link from earth to God,  
That proves the hope securely  
Of life beyond the sod.  
They told me false I ween;  
There's greatness out of books,—  
Hope smiles, for I have seen  
The face of Phillips Brooks.

## WHENEVER PA IS SICK.

Somethin's doin' and doin' quick  
Whenever Pa is sick.  
Oh, my! there's such an awful muss  
And such a splendid sight of fuss  
Whenever Pa is sick.

Bridget fills the water-bag,  
Sister hunts a linen rag  
Sarah makes a mustard plaster  
While Pa is yelling: "Hurry faster!"  
Baby sits and sucks her thumb—  
The only one that's still and dumb.  
But Ma just does most everything  
Until she hears the doctor's ring.  
Then she talks a bit with him  
And takes him to the sick-room dim;  
And when at last he goes away  
We tip-toe round the livelong day,  
And scarcely dare to breathe right quick  
Whenever Pa is sick.

When Ma is sick we never know,  
Except she moves a little slow,  
And looks so tired round the eyes,  
As though she'd had some quiet cries;  
Sometimes she rests a little while  
And gives the sweetest sort of smile  
When I slip up and softly say:  
"Ain't you feeling well today?"  
Somehow I wish when she is sick  
She'd make us hustle round as quick  
As Pa does—so that we could know  
And help her when she suffers so.

## THE EASTER PROOF.

O lilies lend your perfumed breath  
    To sweeten Easter dawn,  
O birds trill out your gladdest songs  
    To make melodious morn.  
O poets pen some perfect gems—  
    For inspiration pray,  
With fitting words to speak the truth  
    That Death is dead today.

O hearts bereft now cease to mourn  
    O weary laden souls,  
Lay all your heavy burdens down  
    This hour your comfort holds.  
As gloom departs and glory tends  
    The joy-illuminated way—  
*For Christ himself is living proof*  
    *That Death is dead today.*



## A LEGEND OF THE LILIES.

The Savior's mother sad and lone  
Kept watch beside the grave of stone.

No sleep had soothed her saddest eyes  
Since she had seen the sacrifice.

Against the door that barred the dead  
She laid her weary aching head ;

When in the gloaming's mellow light  
She saw a blossom gleaming bright.

Some loving hand with tender care  
Had placed a spotless lily there.

The mother's heart its presence blest  
She gently clasped it to her breast.

Its subtle sweetness like a balm  
Stole o'er her senses, bringing calm ;

Then peace into her bosom crept—  
She closed her eyes and softly slept.

The weariness of flesh withdrawn  
She woke at resurrection morn.

Then o'er the fading flower she bent  
And to its heart this message sent :

"O lily, sacred be thy bloom  
For bringing comfort to the tomb.

Where'er on earth His mem'ry goes,  
Be thou the fairest flower that grows."

So proudly pure on Easter day  
The lily bells of perfume sway.

## THE REWARD OF ZACCHEUS.

The Gospel tells of one who craved  
To see the Savior's face,  
And followed all the crushing crowds  
With never wearying pace:  
But being very small in size  
He could not get a glance,  
'Til looking up one day he saw  
An unexpected chance.

He hurried on ahead of all  
And climbed a stately tree,  
And from that height his view was clear  
The passing form to see.  
Then Jesus, noting his desire  
And confidence complete,  
Bestowed upon his eager heart  
A blessing rare and sweet.

The special season for the soul  
The fast of Lenten-tide,  
Is rich in spirit gain to those  
Who put the world aside;  
And climb the splendid heights of faith  
To view with vision clear,  
The realm where perfect peace abides  
And Jesus draweth near.

## A LOST THOUGHT.

A lovely thought to a poet came  
And nestled near his heart:  
"Thou'lt bring to me immortal fame  
When thou and I shalt part.

I'll clothe thee first in Art's array  
In poesy sublime,  
So thou may'st find a shining way  
Adown the aisles of time."

A wondrous piece of verse he wrought  
In rarest rhythmic rhyme,  
With 'broidered rhet'ric finely fraught,  
The words did sweetly chime.

Of love and fate and life and death  
He made a touching theme,  
Of moonbeams soft and flowers breath  
He wove a happy dream.

The music of the rippling brook  
The warm sun's golden glow;  
And subtle secrets of the soul  
His skill essayed to show.

He paused at last his work to probe,  
When tears his vision crost,  
To find that in the verse's robe  
His lovely thought was lost.

## HIS INSPIRATION.

I want an original valentine  
An offering rich and rare and fine ;  
O, Poet, pen me something sweet  
In lover's rhapsodies complete.

Make mention of my lady's eyes,  
Comparing them to fairest skies ;  
Her mouth is neither large nor small  
'Tis simply perfect,—that is all.

Her voice is like the rhythmic flow  
Of mellow music, soft and low ;  
The whitest lily in the land  
Looks commonplace beside her hand.

She has a darling dimple where  
It seems the most beguiling snare,—  
Just say it plays upon her cheek  
Among the blushes hide and seek.

A charming feature is her nose,  
A graceful "outline in repose,"  
All witchery seems hid within  
The dainty moulding of her chin.

Some singer wrote about Jeannette,  
Whose hair was like a silken net,  
Enmeshing hearts in days of old  
When knights were over-gay and bold.

## HIS INSPIRATION

My lady's tresses would have fired  
His fancy to such flights inspired,  
That bells of praise in halls of fame  
Would still be ringing with his name.

O, Poet, all your art I seek ;  
I want this messenger to speak,  
In language such that she may see  
She owns the very heart of me.

Somehow I fear you won't enthuse  
And so your service I'll excuse,  
Just lay your pen upon the shelf—  
I'll write that valentine myself.

---

## FLATTERING.

"I cannot be your wife," she said,  
Unto his sweet petition ;  
I cannot pledge myself, for I  
Am full of great ambition.

They met again in after years  
She said with deep contrition ;  
"I'll be your wife, aye, gladly now,  
For I've no more ambition."

## GENESIS OF THE ROSE JAR.

A maiden fair wore roses rare,  
And both were blushing sweet,  
Her happy eyes were all aglow  
A lover brave to greet.

"My roses—aren't they perfect, dear?"  
She said, and glanced above.  
"They are indeed but pale beside  
Thy face, my dearest love.

The blooms will quickly fade and fall  
But you will fairer grow,  
And dearer be with every year  
Because I love you so."

When he had gone the maid recalled  
The tender words he said,  
Then caught a breath of faint perfume  
That proved her roses dead.

She took them off to toss away  
But paused with pensive sigh;  
"Ah, roses, you are sweet in death  
And shall I cast you by?

You lent an added charm to me  
To glad my lover's eyes,  
And oft, I know, as roses do,  
A woman's beauty dies.

So heart and soul must sweetness keep  
As do the leaves of roses,  
That she may hold a nameless grace  
When youth in age reposes."

Her flowers she dropped within a vase  
A kiss to each she gave,  
And so in jars throughout the land  
The sweet leaves find a grave.

## AN AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

She found an old autograph album  
That dated in sixty-two,  
And she lived again in her girlhood  
While looking its pages through.  
The writing was awkward and varied  
The sentiment flippant and deep,  
The signatures wakened old friendships  
At rest in memory's keep.  
Its beginning she well remembered—  
'Twas during the time of school,  
A few of those early attachments  
Had never yet grown cool.  
Some rarest selections were classic  
From Shakespeare, Shelly and such,  
And others original strictly  
With all of the amateur's touch.  
"Be true to thyself," was given  
By Mary, her mate at desk,—  
A bit of Byronic effusion  
In mis-quotation grotesque.  
The boys wrote rhapsodies ranging  
From "Grass around the stump,"  
To "Roses red and violets blue,"  
And "Sweet as a sugar lump."  
Ah, here was a poem of beauty  
By one who had loved her well,

## AN AUTOGRAPH ALBUM

The name at its close was not needed  
For plainly her heart could tell,  
Just who had penned his devotion  
In such a masterful style  
With meaning in homage so knightly  
Beguiling a hope the while.  
Her sad tears fell on the album  
Because of her youth's first beau,  
For time had but mellowed the music  
Of, "Darling, I love you so!"  
She'd read in a recent listing  
Of men in the battle slain  
His name—and it brought her a quiver  
Of deep mysterious pain.  
And that was the reason she hunted  
The library through and through,  
To find that old autograph album  
That dated in sixty-two.



## MONEY BURNED.

He thought about it long and well  
Before he asked a reigning belle,  
If she would kindly let him call  
And be her escort to the ball.  
When she consented he was glad  
And also just a little sad—  
To find the carriage, flowers and such  
Would surely cost him overmuch.

He phoned to ask her color scheme—  
What roses would becoming seem,  
It made him slightly nervous feel .  
When she replied: "The Marechel Neil."  
So scarce they were they cost him so  
His bank account dropped very low ;  
And yet his pride was great that night  
When he beheld the lovely sight,  
Of that fair maid of many charms  
Who clasped his roses in her arms.  
She held them through the opening dance,  
Then by intent—or merely chance,—  
She laid them down with seeming care  
Upon the radiator, where,  
The heat consumed their beauty quick  
And how the odor made him sick !  
So when he went his homeward way  
He to himself did softly say :  
"I'll know myself a senseless pup  
When I again burn money up."

## AKIN TO JOSEPH'S COAT.

She bought herself a cream white silk to wear at social functions,

Her friends all said her pocket-book would suffer grave **com-**  
**punctions.**

Because the goods was rich and rare, a recent importation,  
The price was most extravagant for one of modest station.

The maiden wisely went her way and wore it through the season  
She knew 'twould fine investment prove and time would show  
the reason.

She had it cleaned the second year and used a different  
trimming,

But soon from frequent use she saw its lustre slowly dimming.

She had it dyed a lemon hue that really proved entrancing,—  
Becoming soiled around the train, she cut it short for dancing.  
Another time the tint was changed to pink of blushing roses  
When it became a dream of taste adorned in lilac posies.

She changed it next to softest blue like that of summer's  
shading,

Then sadly saw it slowly show a subtle hint of fading.

She ~~had it dyed~~ <sup>it black</sup> and fixed it up to wear for church and calling,  
'Twas kept in style and freshened up by frequent overhauling.  
In after years a friend reviewing hours of youthful pleasure,  
Inquiring of that cream white silk so often found a treasure,  
Could scarcely believe the evidence that every doubt refuted;  
Into a black silk petticoat that dress had *involut*ed.

## EQUAL RIGHTS.

In days of old when man would give  
His wrathful feelings vent,  
He always *had his say*, and then  
Got up and—went!

While woman stayed at home  
Throughout the weary day,  
And *wished* that he could *hear*  
The things *she'd like* to say!

But now! the modern woman  
Concealeth not her woes,  
She also has her say! she too  
Gets up and *goes*!

## HERE'S TO JIM RILEY.

Talk about the glory  
In sending of your name  
A-shining down the ages  
Upon the top of fame.  
I'd rather be Jim Riley  
And make a singing lay  
Awaking tender feelings  
And love that's here today.

For Riley grapples nature—  
And teaching comes right through  
The blushes of the roses,  
The glitter of the dew.  
Hearing all the music  
The bird notes ever sound  
Seeing all the glory  
The sun is pouring round;  
Finding lots of beauty  
In any simple thing  
Dressing up his verses  
From thoughts the daisies bring.

Speaking sweet of women,  
With reverence of God—  
Believing Heaven's waiting  
The other side the sod.  
So here's to Jim Riley  
Who has the rarest art,  
Of dropping little blessings  
Right into every heart.

## LOVE'S DETRACTOR.

O songster singing with such smoothness  
All thy strains are bitter-sweet,  
So like a gulf of passion surging  
Round pure hopes a winding sheet.

Full many rare and dazzling pictures  
Hast thy fancy finely wrought,  
But where in all their rhythmic rhyming  
Is an elevating thought?

With dagger sheathed in broidered rhetoric  
Thou hast thrust at noblest things,  
Perchance some anchors have been loosened  
By thy keenly polished stings.

And yet thou shouldst at least have spared  
The grandest gift of God to earth,  
Because thou hast not met pure love  
Does that disprove its royal birth?

It lives in might today and he who doth  
Beneath its scepter bow,  
Doth serve the best, and proves himself  
A truer poet far, than thou.

## LOVE'S DETRACTOR

For shame to couple its fair name  
    With deeds from vilest cause begun,  
When all the tender, brave and great  
    At its command to life has sprung.

'Tis not the glimmering mist of golden hair  
    Nor lips as red as wine,  
The soul that deathless shines from sweet blue eyes  
    Is worthy lover's shrine.

O singer, go untune thy chord and blend  
    With what outlives the grave,  
Enough of minor tones of loss,—go thou  
    And find the notes that save.

Yea, mortal man is man but he can rise  
    O'er passion's brutal sway,  
With eyes so clear he sees beyond the doubt  
    That you would teach today.

## THE BIRTH OF THE BLUSH ROSE.

The stars were bright, the moon was late,  
Two lovers stood beside the gate,  
A rose of white was blooming near  
And slyly lent a listening ear.  
"I love you, Dear, I love you, Sweet,  
I pray you make my life complete.  
My waking thoughts, my dreams are thine  
O let me claim your heart for mine."  
The maiden sighed and shook her head  
And something most surprising said.  
The wooer left with suit refused  
But as he went he wisely mused:  
"Her lips said, 'Nay;,' her eyes said 'Yea,'  
Perhaps it's just a woman's way;  
My hope is not entirely slain,  
Tomorrow eve I'll try again."  
The maid (when he had vanished quite)  
Said: "Blessings brighten in their flight,  
'Tis strange he could not plainly see  
I wanted to prolong his plea,  
For love of him my heart does glow  
And how I wish I'd told him so!  
The white rose turned the softest pink  
It made her blush to simply think,  
How maids will play with love and fate  
While Cupid hovers by the gate.

SOME ONE SAYS.

'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all,  
If only for the memories  
Thus made for sweet recall.

The love that's *real* is firm as fact  
But fleeting fancies fly,  
As lightly as the thistledown  
To pretty passers-by.

The spark Divine is never dead  
It holds immortal claim  
And souls that win or lose its charm  
Are never more the same.



## SHE FORGOT.

As Bessie stood before the mirror  
    Arrayed in festive style,  
The charm of her reflected beauty  
    Provoked a happy smile.

She turned to Grandmother sitting near  
    And said: "Now honor bright,  
What think you of me, Granny Mine  
    On this my debut night?"

"Come nearer that my failing eyes  
    May better see you, Sweet!  
And let me feel the dainty dress  
    That makes you so complete.  
Soft white silk, and at your belt,  
    Such wonderful roses rare,—  
They blush with pride at being worn  
    By one so sweet and fair.

But child! your shoulders! they are out!  
    Why where's the body part?  
The sleeves are missing, too! Such fashion  
    Surely shocks my heart!  
When I was young our party dresses  
    Covered the throat quite high,  
The sleeves were very long, or else  
    Just passed the elbow by."

"Well, Granny mine, if say you so  
    I'll dress this way no more;"  
But Bessie's eye a twinkle held  
    As she tripped out the door.

Next day to her mother's treasure trunk  
    In the attic Bessie went,  
Gayly humming a lively tune  
    As over the tray she bent.

## SHE FORGOT

Whatever could it be in there  
To make her blue eyes glow?  
A charming old daguerotype  
Of many years ago.

She quickly burst into Grandma's room  
Like a flash of morning light,  
With both hands clasped behind her back  
Enfolding her secret tight.

"You want to see something pretty and sweet?  
Well, shut your eyes quick and guess."  
Then up behind the big arm chair  
Slipped happy mischievous Bess.

Put both arms round Grandmother's neck  
Hugged close as close could be,  
Cried, "One-two-three! I'm ready now,  
Just open your eyes and see."

Grandmother looked and could scarce believe  
The sight of her wondering eye  
That met the picture of herself  
Taken fifty years gone by!

Those eyes were like forget-me-nots,  
That hair of burnished gold,  
The shy young face held all the grace  
Of a tender love untold.

So swiftly her thoughts went flying down  
The vista of the years,  
She had to take her glasses off  
To wipe away the tears.

"Why that is the very dress I wore  
To the famous Governor's ball,  
"He led the opening dance with me  
And made me belle of all.

## SHE FORGOT

Then Bessie said: " 'Tis a beauty gown—  
But look at your shoulders there,  
It shocks my sense of pride to find  
They ever were so bare.

There's only a very little band  
At the top of each dimpled arm,  
Indeed you were a regal maid  
In all your wealth of charm!

But Grandmother surely you didn't dare  
Attend the Governor's ball,  
In a waist as scant as this one is  
For they weren't allowed at all!

Grandmother heartily laughed and said,  
"O girlie, you are cute,  
Wear what you please, forever-more  
I promise to be mute,

But hug me tight and kiss me, too,  
And promise to tell it not,  
It's been so long since I was young,  
You see, I quite forgot!

## AS ONE OF THESE.

He grew to man's estate with still  
His mother's faith in God,  
Her firm belief had kept him good  
And lightened every rod.  
In falling leaf or blooming bud  
He saw the Power Supreme,  
Believing death a moment's dark  
At dawn of Heaven's gleam.

But pride of learning woke one day  
And whispered him a doubt;  
"Are you a child to just believe  
What others portion out?  
So rich you are in knowledge—probe  
The secrets God would hide,  
Go find why sorrow sin and tears  
Do human life betide.

From whence we came—and whither go  
And why we're here at all,  
Why Scripture seems so many times  
Its meaning to recall."  
With anchor loose he drifted far  
Beyond the realm of Peace,  
Resolved to pierce life's mystery—  
Its key to man's release.

One evening near the hour when dusk  
The sun's full glory shields,  
He wandered far to ponder 'mid  
The blossom scented fields;

When suddenly to meet him came  
A child with eager pace.  
"O sir, I'se glad you've come to take  
Me from this lonely place."

AS ONE OF THESE

The red lips smiling spoke the while  
The bright eyes danced with joy  
"I speck my mama's sorry she can't  
Find her little boy."  
"What, lost my little man; why, aren't  
You very much afraid?"  
"Me scared? Ó no, I know that God  
Is watching me," he said.

"Ah, child, you *think* he's watching but  
However can you *know*?"  
The wondering one replied: "I know  
Cause mother told me so."  
He clasped the trusting hand and led  
The wanderer safely home,  
And then again he pondered 'neath  
The drooping starlit dome.

His heart was filled with longing for  
The olden peace of prayer  
His soul this cry sent sobbing through  
The silent steeps of air:  
"Oh, lost belief, I've weary grown  
Of science, doubt and thought,  
Dear God, I pray Thee give me back  
The faith my mother taught."

“COMPARISONS ARE ODOROUS.”

I thought the blush of the blooming rose  
Was just the loveliest sight,  
But that was before I saw the glow  
Upon your cheek so bright.

The violet seemed to be so sweet  
That nothing could compare,  
But that was before I found your lips  
And the luscious nectar there.

The pansy's witching pensive face  
So like some rare surprise—  
It subtly brings to mind the charm  
That slumbers in your eyes.

To me you seem a wonder bloom  
Where all the flowers gay,  
Have tried to lend their very best  
To make a live bouquet.

There was once a maid of progress full of culture most refined,  
And the aim of her ambition was to elevate her kind.  
She bemoaned her narrow sisters of the straight domestic cut,  
For allowing love to drive them in the matrimonial rut.

"Singing slumber songs for babies! what a shameful waste!"  
she said;

"When they ought to raise their voices for their modern rights  
instead!

What an awful lot of talent thrown away in darning socks,  
What a vast amount of genius sewed in seams of useless frocks."

"They should scorn the drudging trifles that absorb so much  
of life;

Keep the heart and spirit far above the range of kitchen strife!  
Grasp the higher education, win an independent claim,  
Cleanse the laws, and aid the nation, should be every woman's  
aim!"

But—this charming maiden married, and it was a great sur-  
prise

How the cream of her ambition was absorbed in making pies!  
And the voice that rang for Progress, Liberty and Right!  
Hummed a pleading tune to baby in the middle of the night.

While the brain that was so busy building castles in the air,  
Scanned the butcher's and the baker's bills with close attentive  
care.

And the feet that trod the lecture stage in dainty slippers clad,  
Ran the treadle of a new machine that stitched for lass and lad!

Yet—the strangest point presented in that charming woman's  
case,

Was the fitness and content with which she slipped into her  
place.

And she changed her text to preaching that a woman's proper  
sphere,

Is in doing daily duties well and filling home with cheer.

## THE PICTURE'S PROPHECY.

In youth so very gay was she  
Her face expressed such perfect glee,

An artist begged that he might paint  
Her picture in position quaint,

As type of undiluted Joy  
Without a trace of grief's alloy.

He copied every feature fair  
The lovely mouth and wealth of hair;

But to his own and her surprise  
He could not duplicate the eyes.

In spite of him the brush would draw  
The saddest look he ever saw.

Until in sheer despair he cried:  
"I'm forced to lay the work aside."

They met again in after years  
And through a mutual mist of tears

They viewed the pictured face once more  
And understood the look of yore.



## THE EDITOR'S RECIPE.

Your manuscript, Sir Author, I will pause to criticise,  
Departing from my custom for the reason I surmise,  
If you will look intently into what I have to say  
You may write a noveletto that will surely take the day.

You own descriptive powers of a lustre quaint and bright,  
Your fancy soars away unto a most convenient height.  
You robe your conversation in a garb of skillful grace,  
And truly as an artist you can paint a lovely face.

Considered as a whole your work is really more than good,  
And I should like to publish it, and candidly I would—  
Did I not know the story would but yield a barren waste  
Because it's far too proper for the "Fin de Siecle" taste.

So spice it up with kisses where the kissing's slightly wrong,  
And pepper with embraces that will last a little long—  
Then salt it down with phrases that will paralyze the ear,  
And saturate the mixture with some situations queer.

Then dress it off with mingled motives no one ever had  
And make it mighty hard to tell the good folks from the bad.  
Be sure to have the ending a conundrum dark and dense,  
To leave the reader mentally upon the anxious fence.  
Or serve a sad solution altogether black and blue,  
Then forward—and I'm sure the thing will quite exactly do.

## A THANKFUL HEART.

She was feeble, old and poor,  
Wealth and friends had left her door.

Her loved had reached the Better-land,  
Her goods were in another's hand.

Thanksgiving morn alone she thought  
Of all that life to her had brought.

Its clouds and sun, and smiles and tears,  
The common gifts of earthly years.

Her girlhood, bright and gay and fair—  
Its sheltered days debarring care;

Her wifehood rich in glad content  
Its every task a blessing sent.

Then mother-love so deep and strong  
Its faith and hope, and slumber song,

Her widow'd home so sad and lone  
Where quenchless lights of memory shown.

All had come and all had past,  
She was left to mourn the last.

She looked around her humble cot  
Filled with thoughts of what was not;

Then kneeling down began to pray;  
“For what shall I give thanks today?”

“Dear God, accept my humble part—  
I'm thankful for a thankful heart;

## A THANKFUL HEART

"Tis all the years have left to me  
I long to rest it, Lord, with thee."

Her weary form rose not again—  
Its spirit soared beyond earth's pain;

Her cry had touched the Father's will—  
The thankful heart was cold and still.

The while the light of Heaven's grace  
Was resting on the sweet old face.

## TRANSIENT BLISS.

What would I be if given choice?  
You ask in sweetest voice;  
I'd like to be a rose, you know,  
Since you love roses so.

I'd grow so fast and get so tall—  
I'd climb the garden wall,  
And slyly watch you come and go,  
Until you caught the glow

Of crimson leaves among the green  
Between the sunlit sheen,  
Of other roses growing there  
A-sweetening all the air.

You'd pluck me with your dainty hand  
You'd praise my beauty grand,  
You'd bend to catch my breath apart  
Your lips might touch my heart!

You'd wear me o'er your bosom white  
If only for a night,  
And though such bliss so swiftly goes  
'Twould satisfy a rose!

## THE GIFT OF GETHSEMANE.

Putting earthly things aside  
Pausing now at Lenten-tide,  
'Neath the shade of sorrow where  
Christ and souls communion share,—  
What, O Life, has come to thee  
Out of sad Gethsemane?

Care is hiding half her face  
Joy is wearing softer grace,  
Hearts are holding deeper love  
Nearer draws the realm above.  
Something sweet has come to thee  
Out of sad Gethsemane.

Faith is lulling grief to sleep  
Thought is probing Conscience deep,  
Even Sin has chosen rest,  
Patience fills the human breast—  
Charity has come to thee  
Out of sad Gethsemane.

Waits the radiant Easter morn  
Full of glory yet unborn,  
Spirits gently trace the light  
Gain'st the gloom of passing night.  
Over heights of Calvary.  
Fades the sad Gethsemane.

Ring the anthems soft and slow  
Heaven's mercy bendeth low,  
Blending faintest human cry  
Into melody on high;  
This, O life, has come to thee  
Out of sad Gethsemane  
    The gift of Immortality!

## AN ECHO FROM JUDEA.

From out the East in days of old  
The wise men came their gifts of gold  
    To offer;  
The rich and rare from native lands  
To empty into baby hands  
    Their coffer.

The lowly shepherds followed, too,  
The star of gold in sky of blue  
    That glistened;  
While angels sang a glad refrain  
That fell to earth in sweetest strain,  
    They listened.

So led alike by equal hopes  
They met where life immortal opes,  
    United:  
Before the infant King Divine  
Their lives to serve Him humble shrine  
    They plighted.

From North and South, and East and West,  
They're coming still in search of rest,  
    Eternal;  
When storms of grief their souls alarm  
His tender love doth yield a balm,  
    Supernal.

And true belief with service mete,  
Full many gladly at His feet  
    Are laying;  
While He for every moment's care  
With hours of peace beyond compare  
    Is paying.

## AN ECHO FROM JUDEA

O'er pulseless forms His promise gleams,  
While broken hearts and shattered dreams  
    He's mending;  
The weak and sinful led astray  
To wander from the better way  
    He's tending.

From Afric's gloom to India's strands,  
The darkest nook of farthest lands,  
    He's lighting;  
This world so often bathed in tears,  
With all its wrong and woe and fears,  
    He's righting.

The star that shone o'er Judea bright  
In yonder sky for us tonight,  
    Is gleaming;  
The cross that rose on Calv'ry's hill  
Is human souls from Satan still  
    Redeeming.

## MADE BY HAND.

"Oh, Grandma, see my valentine!  
In wonder I am lost,  
A-thinking how much money this  
Artistic thing did cost!  
Observe a dainty Cupid here  
Suspended in the air  
Above a splendid golden heart  
That holds an arrow there.  
This regal bunch of roses red,  
These languid lilies white,  
Daisies and forget-me-nots  
And pansies, too, so bright.  
The poem very plainly shows  
The perfect poet's touch  
Methinks it altogether cost  
The sender over-much."

"Why, Grandma, are you crying?  
Here's a tear drop on the rhyme.  
Does memory make you sad today,  
With thoughts of othertime?"

"Ah, child, old hearts are tender, too,  
And long for vanished youth,  
For loving words and pretty things  
And sweetheart days in truth.  
A valentine I once received  
From such a dashing beau,  
I never can forget because  
It was my first you know.  
You run upstairs and bring to me  
That little box and keys,  
I'll show you that same valentine,—  
You'll promise not to tease?"

So tickled Kitty was to glimpse  
A really true romance,  
She hurried back to Grandma  
Humming bits of song and dance.  
Out came a bunch of letters  
Of a dingy brownish hue,



MADE BY HAND

All neatly tied together with  
A faded ribbon blue.

The Valentine was last of all  
And softly fluttered out—  
'Twas just a sheet of letter paper  
Time had fringed about.

"You read it to me, Kitty, dear;"  
Said Grandma, with a sigh,  
Her dear old heart a-tremble  
And a twinkle in her eye—

"I love a little maiden  
She's sweet as she can be,  
Just look into the mirror  
That maiden for to see."

With merry laugh, said Kitty: "Oh,  
In wonder I am lost,  
To think how very much of *thought*  
That valentine did cost.

Who sent it to you, Grandma, dear?  
You must have loved him well,  
To cherish this effusion so—  
Now, really, won't you tell?"

"Indeed, I've loved him fond and true,  
Full many a happy year,  
For he who wrote that verse so rare  
Is your own Grandpa, dear."

"And proud am I that I am he,"  
Said Grandpa, at the door,  
"And she has been my valentine  
These forty years and more.

Oh, Kitty, child, your valentine  
Displays the costly art,  
Now, just you wait 'till you get one  
That's written from the heart.

These modern, rare artistic things  
With highly polished rhyme,  
Don't carry love to last, dear  
Like those of olden time."

## THE CENTRAL TRUTH.

How can we banish self and find  
The Christ that in us lies,  
Unless by faith His spirit gives  
The image strength to rise?

Not through the tortures of a Christ  
Are human souls redeemed,  
But through the love such suffering proved  
Eternal hope has gleamed.

Salvation is not begged or bought,  
But Jesus is the leaven,  
That makes our weakest cry for help  
Ascend to highest Heaven.

The frame of earth-made creed is worn  
And totters from its throne,  
Yet God's true temple stands entire  
With Love the central stone.

As man oft times is hedged about  
By modes of vice and sin,  
While still in spite of all survives  
The Deity within.

Some natures are so strong they stand  
Erect by reason's light,  
And ask no help or faith beside  
An innate sense of right.

But others need abiding trust  
In God's own tender care,  
And could not brave the storms of life  
Without the aid of prayer.

### THE CENTRAL TRUTH

Yea, strip the dogmas dead and false  
From off Religion's tree,  
And twine about it broader views  
But leave Redemption free!

For by its light poor captive lives  
From sinful fetters break,  
That would not dare for pardon plead  
Except for His dear sake.

As souls approach the lonely hour  
Of death's Gethsemane,  
Their spirits may more clearly view  
The Cross of Calvary.

A fact Supreme it stands against  
The surging waves of Thought,  
And ev'ry selfish motive dies  
When 'neath its shadow brought.

## MARK THE FOURTEENTH.

It seems the saddest sentence  
Ever spoken or read,  
Is this—in the second Gospel:  
“They all forsook Him and fled.”

It sounds the depths of pathos,  
’Tis loneliness supreme,  
Within His sphere of sorrows  
It forms the central beam.

He felt in time of parting  
Whatever the world might do,  
In loyalty unshaken  
Would stand the faithful few.

But at the crucial moment,  
With wrench and break of heart,  
(And yet, with benediction)  
He saw each one depart.

To me, the saddest sentence  
I’ve ever in Scripture read,  
Is this—in the second Gospel:  
“They all forsook Him and fled.”

## CHARACTER.

“She is a butterfly,” they said, “fast sipping  
The freshest, surface sweets of girlish life,  
With ne’er a solemn moment’s thought of dipping  
Below the crust of joy to find the strife  
The dark deceit and woe that shows not through;  
How could she bear a cross—what would she do  
Should sorrow come?

For many years all things that tend to sadness  
In kindness cast their shade another way,  
To let her smile and bask in grateful gladness  
And dream this earth but Paradise astray.  
Yet suddenly foul wrong discharged its dart  
To strike the center of her peerless heart.  
And sorrow came.

But for an instant only did she bend  
To take the burden up, then stood erect  
With courage that should inspiration lend  
To all who deem themselves grief’s own elect.  
Unto the grandest heights of womanhood  
She rose, and evermore undaunted stood  
When sorrow came.

PASSING OF LIEUTENANT FRANK MOORE HARRIS  
OF THE UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP  
DELAWARE.

A man he was in whom there dwelt a firm resolve of soul,  
To write his name with noble deeds on Fame's immortal scroll,  
He put aside the life of leisure fortune offered youth,  
And chose the path of Effort on the broad highway of Truth.

When Opportunity opened doors on vistas fair to see,  
He entered where the portal read: "My country 'tis for thee."  
When the crucial hour of trial came in facing shot and shell,  
His dauntless deeds of daring are his comrades' pride to tell.

After many years of service, when near Attainment's height  
The pausing of his noble pulse delayed the splendid flight;  
As a masterpiece unfinished, made of purpose most intense,  
To surely reach completion in the realm of recompense.

While over seas on his gallant ship 'twas duty's call to roam  
His heart was always anchored safe in the port of Mother  
and Home.

He lives in hearts he left behind—with all his friendship claimed  
In memory's fadeless immortelles his presence will be framed.

"I question not the ways of God, but accept what His wisdom  
sends,

Believing all things work together for His desired ends."

Such was the faith his lips expressed, and this should comfort  
bring,

Though Reason stands appalled at Death's most unexpected  
sting.

When such men die 'tis a nation's loss and each man feels it so,  
For courage, loyalty and love are peerless traits to show.

"Look after the others first," were the last words he expressed,  
And there indeed was character's illuminating test.

Many hearts are overflowing with the tributes they would bring,  
And from the soul the soothing strains of sympathy would sing.  
No nobler epitaph than this can inspiration make;

"Earth is happier having known thee, and Heaven is sweeter  
for thy sake."

## A RESULT OF FAITH.

Her face was faultlessly sweet and fair  
With never a line or look of care,  
And strangers thought the brightest days  
Had dawned upon her life always;  
While those who knew could scarce believe  
A heart with so much cause to grieve  
Could fail to break or grow so sad  
'Twould lose the power of being glad,—  
But she possessed the priceless gift  
Of faith that never knew a rift,  
Whose inner light had left its trace  
Of perfect peace upon her face.  
Against the gloom of earthly grief  
Her character in strong relief  
Shone clearly as a cameo wears  
The image its dark bosom bears—  
Of such an one the poet said:  
    “If any artist drew her head  
His brush would paint quite unaware  
A heavenly halo round her hair.”

## THE COUNTRY PARTY.

Don't talk about the grandeur of your city parties fine,  
The jolly fun and frolic of the country party's mine.  
No short cut through the telephone to ask your girl to go,  
But send a card "with compliments" and beg to be her beau.

The two mule wagon goes around and gathers in the crowd,  
We wake the night up singing out with voices free and loud.  
And O, the games with kisses in 'em, hush, my partner, hush,  
They put your fancy lancers and your two-step to the blush.

"King William was King James' Son" upon the royal race,  
Ne'er shines a brow that's fairer than my rural sweetheart's  
face.

We'll form a ring and drop the kerchief—Hurry up its found!  
Run in and out and back again, and 'swing Jennie Rinktum  
round.

Hold fast the thimble—Hide the slipper—raise the gates so  
high,

To let the lads and lassies on their way to supper by!  
In summertime it's water melon, lemonade and cake;  
In winter, pop the corn and nuts and make the cider shake.

Old Sister Phoebe's merry, too, let's take a promenade,  
We won't go home 'til mornin' when the golden starlights fade.  
And then at time of parting we so long to wait a while,  
And do a little courtin' leanin' lightly on the stile.



### BITTER, SWEET.

Love they call the sweetest part  
Of earth or Heaven above,—  
But what can heal the bitter wounds  
That Love doth give to Love?

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### TWO SIDES.

Good memory many mortals hold  
The greatest blessing yet,  
But oft of worth outranking gold  
Is power to forget.

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### ETERNAL FITNESS.

If strength of human hearts could bar the gates  
Of death and keep the soul of mortal here..  
Without the thought that parting somewhere waits  
Would even Love be always dear?

## THE MASQUERADE.

The "bal enmasque" was a dazzling scene  
Glitter of gold and silver sheen,  
Subtle strains of sweetest song—  
Rhythmical music swayed the throng.

Out of the past from pages old  
Came lovely ladies and heroes bold,  
Charming folks from bright romance  
Merrily moved in the witching dance.

Bashful John and Priscilla met  
Romeo flirted with Juliet,  
Maud Muller found the Judge was late  
And he again berated Fate.

Robin Hood and Little Bo-Peep—  
Looking still for the missing sheep,  
Napoleon waltzed with Josephine,  
And barn-danced with an English queen.

Oh! such a medley from Everywhere!  
But fairest of all the fair ones there,  
Was a stunning girl from the time of *Now*;  
Before whom a suitor made his bow.

"O, give me your love, sweet maid," he cried;  
"Put from your heart the veil aside,  
I know you even behind a mask  
But knowing your heart is a harder task."

She laughingly answered: "That's your guess  
So long as you love me more or less;  
A man will always think about  
Whatever keeps his mind in doubt,  
And so my heart's not on parade  
But most of the time in masquerade."

## A DOUBTING THOMAS.

Little Willie worshiped heroes and dreamed by night and day,

Of some day seeing some one who had faced a fearful fray.  
A man who'd met the enemy and heard the cannon boom,  
Who'd fought and bled, and trembled not before the darkest doom.

So when the great Reunion date was very close at hand  
And all the splendid soldiers of his native Southern land  
Were coming—really coming—where his vision might behold  
The remnant of an army made of fighters brave and bold;  
Full great was his elation when he heard his father say,  
That they themselves would have as guest a gallant man in Gray!

'Twas then his pride inflated, overflowed to such extent,  
He told the news to all the boys, just everywhere he went.  
So when the noted guest arrived, although the hour was late,  
A bunch of kids upon the curb awaited him in state,  
Their bursting admiration could not long withstand the spell.  
They set up such hurraing as surpassed the rebel yell.  
But little Willie eyed him in the deepest sort of woe,  
And in a high-toned monologue he let his feelings flow;  
"That Vet is just a bluffer—he ain't never held a gun.  
I'll watch when he ain't lookin' and I'll up and paste him one.  
He's got his arms, he's got his legs, he's even got his eyes;  
There ain't no sort of scar nowhere—them hero tales was lies.  
I bet when shots was flyin' round, he just got up and lit.  
I wouldn't be a soldier man no bullet never hit."

CREDIT—A PAIR OF SHOES.

His heart was heavy laden  
    With an awful case of blues,  
He said the world was all a sham  
    And never paid its dues.  
But swiftly his opinion cleared  
    To bright and happy views—  
He owed the transformation to  
    A simple change of shoes.  
For mortal flesh asserts its claim  
    No matter what your lot  
It's hard to be an optimist  
    When your *sole* is cramped and hot.

### A MODE OF COMFORT.

They really thought to lift her load of grief  
Comparing with another's weight of woe;  
'Tis true, the count of tears did overflow,  
But weeping brings to some sad hearts relief,  
And makes the hours of bitter sorrow brief.  
Her nature suffered more in one fell blow  
Than many in repeated strokes could know,  
For depth of soul doth make the martyr chief.  
And so 'tis vain to ever gauge a loss  
Or try to judge the weight of any cross,  
For One alone can fathom to the core  
Divining where the healing balm to pour;  
And 'tis no help when anguished spirits toss  
To ever know that some one suffers more.

## SONG OF THE SHIRT BUTTON.

High up in the ranks of the  
world's esteem, by right of  
worth he stood,  
His intimate friends declared  
that he was unusually  
just and good.  
But they didn't know, like  
a sailor he swore, and  
his gentle wife's heart hurt,  
Whenever by chance he happened  
to find a button  
off his shirt!

He fought in battle, a leader  
brave, his men would  
his worth extol  
And the principal point they  
dwelt upon was his  
wonderful self-control!  
But his face flushed hot and  
his pulse beat quick,  
and his family moved alert!  
When he painted things the  
shade of red 'bout  
a button off his shirt!

When death drew near he was not  
afraid to meet the  
caller grim,  
And many a sorrowful tear  
was shed in  
memory of him.  
But his heart could not have  
found repose—his pride  
had been so hurt,  
Had he but known he was  
laid away with  
a button off his shirt!

## MEDITATION.

Don't talk to *me* about *freedom* cause there ain't no such a thing!

It makes me feel so tired when I hear 'em shout and sing,  
About America for which some heroes fought and bled,  
I wish they hadn't done it but had give it up instead—

'Cause then I might have landed on another softer spot  
Where boys is some considered an' laws don't make it hot.  
For every every single time I start to have a little fun  
Some guy is sure to holler: "It's agin the law, my son!"

Somebody's always fussin' when I try to take my ease,  
So what's the use of freedom if you can't do what you please?  
My Dad declares this part of earth for which his fathers fit  
Is full of greatest plenty for the folks that up and "git."

Well, I've been gittin' all I could an' ain't got nothin' yet,  
'Ceptin chance to eat and sleep and play and work and sweat!  
I've also got some freckles an' am some bow-legged, too,  
An' such a lazy feelin' when there's anything to do.

An' even on July the Fourth when fireworks make a noise  
The grown folks go to yellin: "Be mighty careful, boys!"  
So what's the use of braggin' when a bloomin' kid like me,  
Ain't got a single blessin' that's big enough to see?

## A SEQUENCE.

There came to her mind a beautiful thought  
That haunted her night and day,  
She gave no heed to its cry for speech  
And it gradually died away.

There came for her heart a wonderful love  
With tenderest sweetness rife,  
She put it by with a careless word  
And it passed to another life.

Then friendship offered its gracious hand—  
She reckoned it only dross;  
But went along her heedless way  
And noted not its loss.

There came a time when her soul grew sad  
Regretting the awful waste  
She had made of the finest gifts in life  
In the midst of her youthful haste.

Yet she gave no sign, but hid the pain  
And said: "I shall not berate  
The world and its ways because I reap  
The seeds of a self-sown fate."



## THOSE COMIC VALENTINES.

Said Mrs. Smith unto herself:

“From the airs of Mrs. Brown  
I’m sure she thinks herself in style  
The leader of the town.  
She enters Church with peacock stride  
Arrayed in feathers new  
And thanks the Lord the eyes of all  
Are turned upon her pew.  
I’ve often thought her plumage  
Needed drooping quite a bit  
I’ll send a comic valentine  
To give a timely hit.”

Said Mrs. Brown unto herself:

“Mrs. Smith believes her voice  
Is quite the sweetest one on earth  
And everybody’s choice,  
But when she soars to Pisgah’s height  
I long for worlds unknown,  
And what she needs the most I’m sure  
Is meekness in her tone.  
I’ll send a comic valentine  
That she herself may see,  
And then perhaps on Sunday next  
She’ll sing in a minor key.”

THOSE COMIC VALENTINES.

When Mrs. Smith dined Mrs. Brown  
They spoke of olden times,  
When they were young and valentines  
Were made of polished rhymes.

They talked of modern comic things  
That Envy sends about  
With each a trembling secret fear  
Her sin would find her out.

But Mrs. Brown dressed finer  
Mrs. Smith sang higher.  
Mrs. Brown still leads the style,  
And Mrs. Smith the choir.

## DUTY OVERDONE.

"Here lies the mortal part of one  
Who died of duty overdone."  
So said an epitaph I found  
In an old forsaken burial ground;  
A weary mortal rested there,  
Freed from fetters of earthly care.

I thought how many I had known  
To whom the words upon that stone  
Might be applied with truth indeed,  
Since "Duty, Duty," had been their creed.  
Splendid souls in slender frames  
Bowed beneath incessant claims  
Failing only the fact to view  
That some their part may *over-do*.

Submission may prove a greater sin  
Than rebellion is—the giving in—  
Allowing others to garner more  
Than is their due—to keep the score  
Of life's great game in part unfair  
When each should have an equal share.

For every soul a duty owes  
To self—to help its gifts uncloze  
And fewer martyrs there will be  
When eyes now duty bound shall see  
That shielding others is not always  
A thing deserving special praise  
And yet just where to draw the line  
Requires the lead of light Divine.

## A MAKER OF HOME.

Thinking of her I clearly recall  
She wasn't a brag housekeeper at all,  
But O she had the sweetest way  
Of making you want to stop and stay,  
And never very far to roam  
From any spot that was her home.  
Wherever she dwelt she made the place  
Become a Mecca of special grace.

When near her something seemed to steal  
Across your senses and make you feel,  
That overmuch care of many things  
A weariness of spirit brings,  
And often harnesses thought and aims  
Too tight to materiality's claims.

Her presence meant pervasive peace  
That made discordant motives cease.  
The windows of her soul were clean,  
Through which her vision saw serene  
Across earth's dire vicissitudes  
To Heaven's perfect interludes.

## ON READING "THE MAN WITH THE HOE."

A moment list me, Poet, with thy heart  
"Blood tintured of a veined humanity:"  
Can any soul be shackled unto death,  
Can ages weight of tyranny destroy  
In one bent form the living spark divine?  
Because God knew hard fetters would be forged,  
He sowed the seeds of immortality.  
A consequence that evils reconcile.  
For soon or late or here or other-where  
The wings of aspiration will uplift.  
Yet if thy vibrant voice now sounds the note  
That wakes a present thought for future help,  
Thou art indeed an instrument of grace  
Thy song an offertory unto God.

## CONVICTION.

To spend the precious privilege of life  
Pursuing paths of personal pleasure alone,  
Is a pitiful waste of earth's unlimited ways  
In which to prove our heritage Divine.

For hearts enlarge by serving noble ends  
And gain by drawing on their source supreme.  
Spirits soar when seeking strength to raise  
Another's aim to clear ennobling heights.

The pure in purpose find a peace secure  
From every shock of varying circumstance.  
Not all the horded wealth of the visible world  
Has feather weight against one perfect seed  
Of faith that safely shields the soul against  
Intrusion of the smallest grain of doubt.

## PERSONAL PRAYER.

Hold fast to Faith, dear one, hold fast I say  
To faith in personal prayer firmly cling.  
No matter what the scoffers claim  
No matter what earth's happenings be.  
Without it life seems naught indeed except  
A contradiction grim and strangely sad.

From practice of personal prayer comes perfect peace,  
A strength of spirit strangely calm and sweet.  
A soul assurance that a will beyond ourselves  
Is guiding our affairs. Though strong desires  
May strive to serve as sails to float our mortal bark  
Along the stream of life, we know if skies  
Be dark or fair, with faith we'll anchor safe.  
Take everything in trustful prayer to God  
For nothing that affects the children of His love  
Is trivial to the Father's understanding heart.

## BON VOYAGE TO JAPAN.

We'll woo the breath of the balmiest breeze  
To waft you safely over the seas;  
But when you're sipping tempting teas  
So quaintly served by the Japanese,  
May thoughts of odorous coffee here  
Draw home refreshment very near;  
When the dainty cherry blossom blows  
Recall the American Beauty rose;  
When big chrysanthemums welcome nod  
Remember the glow of the golden rod;  
When the wooden rest disturbs your head  
Then dream of your feather polliwog bed;  
Should smiling skies your eyes ensnare  
Remember ours are just as fair.  
But if they serve strange stuff to eat  
(Unless your faith is quite complete),  
Just fold your tent and steal this way,  
To meet warm welcome any day:  
For friendship's cable strong and true  
Will span the space from us to you,  
And we prove our sense of "Noblesse Oblige"  
When we lend of our best to the Japanese.



## THE LOTTERY OF MARRIAGE.

He said he'd never marry any maiden city bred,  
With foolish thoughts of fashion running riot through her  
head.

No devotee of modern modes should ever share his life.  
No woman wise in worldly ways would *he select* for wife.  
He hied him to the country for a certain season's span,  
And wooed and won a daughter reared by Mother Nature's  
plan.

O hollowness of human hopes; how mortals will deceive!  
He found he'd drawn a perfect chip of charming Mother Eve.  
Right speedily she wanted what she'd never had before,  
And furl'd the matrimonial sails to reach the social shore!  
She breakfasts gave at 10 a.m. and dinings at high noon,  
Then teas so light at 4 o'clock, and lawnings 'neath the moon.  
She joined the clubs, both large and small, and learned to  
elocute,

And rashly led the way in every stirring new dispute.  
Oh, how she flirted, how she dressed, and how she loved to  
dance!

To sample all frivolities she never missed a chance!  
When on the very ragged edge of deepest dark despair  
The humble knight did sadly plead before his lady fair.  
She cried: "In waves of mammon I must quench my natural  
thirst,

And after marriage get a taste of what you relished first."

## STEADY DIET.

Take the world as you find it, dear,  
    With its wealth of wonderful charm,  
And though it chances to hurt your heart,  
    It really means no harm.  
The core of the whole is sound and sweet,  
    Though hard sometimes to believe,  
When you get a shock of sore defeat  
    Through the devious ways to deceive.  
Just battle along with a smile and a song,  
    Concealing the smart or the sting;  
God's at the helm to right the wrong  
    And perfect adjustment bring.  
So do the right thing regardless  
    Of either glory or pelf,  
And reap the sweet satisfaction  
    'Twill bring to the soul of yourself.

## VERBAL SWEETS.

She valued every pleasant word that gracious people said,  
And trusted them 'till someone told her she should be afraid  
Of dulcet tones of praise and always hold a cautious doubt  
Of motive springs whenever verbal sweets were passed about.

She grieved at first, but soon this bit of wisdom cheered her  
heart;

"When people speak me fair why should I think they play  
a part?"

As light as thistledown some pretty speeches often are,  
And others yield a virile force to carry comfort far.

The sauce that seasons and refines the polished social sphere  
May show at times a verbal coat of very thin veneer.  
No mortal ever can divine the meaning anyway,  
'Tis God alone can truly judge the worth of words we say.

His wisdom only measures out the hidden real intent,  
So I shall leave the doubt, and hope the happy phrases meant,  
For words of appreciation are jewels in memory's mart  
And make an illumination of joy around the heart.

A marvelous magical power in humanity's language lies,  
And the word that is fitly spoken is more than we realize.  
"Say something sweet to somebody" every single day,  
Would be a splendid motto to hang on the world's highway.

## GOOD OLD COMMON SENSE.

He paid a man five dollars to phrenologize his head, and listened quite delighted unto all the fellow said. "I find a bump of genius lying undeveloped here; through this bump upon the brain I read your title clear. Just any role of high degree on which you set your will, nature has endowed you with ability to fill." He was propelled immediately by grim ambition's thirst, and finally decided that he'd go to congress first.

Full he was of great elation, with no thought of foul defeat, but somehow for some reason he did fail to take a seat. For governorship, for mayorship, for sheriff, too, he tried, but politics in every branch success to him denied. He grappled law and medicine, and editor became, and made a tour of lecturing until his theme grew tame; then he felt poetic fires run coursing through his veins, but Pegasus wouldn't harness to his heavy set of brains. At last he trod the tragic stage in high and mighty roles, but couldn't draw the people so's to harrow up their souls. Growing rather seedy, he bethought him of a farm, and reached this wise conclusion 'neath the grace of nature's charm: "I guess I'll throw my genius all away in self defense, and try instead to raise a crop of good old common sense."

### A SINGER.

The mute but lovely flowers  
Render tribute to the hours  
Made melodious by your voice;  
For when its tones you raise  
In symphonies of praise,  
Like human hearts they listen and rejoice.

---

### LITERATURE.

Literature! Preserver of thought!  
The brain's warehouse, where treasures brought  
By brightest minds from every race  
Desire an honored resting place.

## A KEY TO SUCCESS.

The reader said to the writer:  
"You rhyme with a master hand,  
But the thoughts your words are clothing  
I fail to understand."

The poet heard the verdict  
And smiled at happy fate,  
"With meaning safely hidden  
My verse is truly great."

'Tis Brownesque and modern,  
'Twill sell and bring me fame,  
And make the harbor easy  
For works that bear my name."

### MISAPPLIED.

God smiled upon her days  
Through many happy years,  
She knew not sorrow's ways,  
Nor felt a trace of tears.

But suddenly a woe  
Fell deep into her heart,  
Her memory let go  
Its former gladsome part.

And that one anguish brief  
Threw all her life amiss—  
Instead of moulding grief  
To steps of higher bliss.

## A BELLE'S CONFESSION.

Which shall it be, which shall it be?  
The charming maiden sighed,  
So many suitors come wooing me,  
And still they are all denied.  
They say I'm fickle as well as fair,  
My heart won't anchor anywhere,  
But drifts on sentiment's tide.

There's Dick, who's handsome and debonair,  
But then he's a trifle tall;  
And Jim is graceful, gay and rich,  
But just a little too small.,  
Harry's an "all round" sort of man,  
Attractive in every wise;  
I marvel how I ever withstand  
The love in his splendid eyes.  
Reuben is gallant, tender and true  
(The kind that but once adores),  
And Sam the solemn, silent sort,  
Before me his love outpours.

They call me fortunate all the while,  
And yet they never can know  
How often I envy the lucky maid  
Who counts but a single beau.  
For *the man*— the only man for me  
Who sets my heart awlirl,  
The one I could worship eternally,  
Is in love with *another girl*.



## WHO ISN'T?

She often said she'd never expose  
Her ankle in order to show her hose,

But—she did!

Nor ever a waist would wear so low  
That nearly all of her chest would show,

But—she did!

She vowed she'd not in corsets lace,  
Nor paint nor powder her natural face,

But—she did!

She held that scandal is a crime,  
But often spread it overtime;

She really did.

If fortune smiled she'd not grow proud,  
Nor think herself above the crowd,

But—she did!

And should she marry she'd surely stay  
At home and walk in duty's way,

But—she didn't.

Whatever she said she wouldn't do  
She almost always did—it's true;

She did.

And she wasn't crazy—not a bit,  
Just inconsistent—that was it—

Who isn't?

## MOTIVE.

If in death my heart doth lie all cold and still  
Will it matter if they speak me fair or ill?  
If in brighter worlds I rise to bliss divine  
Will it matter if they quite forget this name of mine?  
Not for fame of earth would I be reckoned great,  
Not for golden dower, nor yet for high estate.  
But if gift or power within me sleeping lies  
Lord, I pray that Thou wilt give it strength to rise.  
Just to glad two tender hearts that hold me dear,  
Hedging life about with love through all the year.  
Yea, for purpose truly great I would be mete;  
So they who gave me birth may say with hopes complete:  
"This is our child."

## CONSISTENCY.

(Masculine.)

He'd flirted all the summer long  
By word and glance and subtle song;  
He'd sworn to eyes of varied hue,  
To those of gray and brown and blue.  
Beneath the light of Luna's glow  
He'd oft repeat: "I love you so!"  
A twitch of conscience now and then  
But proved him not the worst of men.  
Perhaps he'd said more than he should,  
And yet supposed they understood.  
Through memory's mist he viewed them all,  
Then put them by beyond recall,  
For soon he'd wed the only one  
To whom his real affection clung.  
He loved her wisely, loved her well,  
Far more than merely words could tell.  
He made his heart a genial place  
To hold the rapture of her face.  
What's this? A letter? Yes, from her:  
(How fitly some events occur.)  
She sent the missive just to say  
He needn't come the stated day;  
Her promise that she'd marry him  
Was but a summer's passing whim;  
Perhaps she'd said more than she should,  
But felt quite sure he understood.  
He read it o'er and o'er again  
Until his soul grew sick with pain.  
Then by the gods he firmly swore  
To trust a woman nevermore!

### THE TEST.

In sorrow's crucial moments  
Some friendships fall asleep,  
Yet finer souls when grief prevails  
Their vigils closer keep.

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### WHAT THEN?

Better to smile than cry,  
Better to sing than sigh,  
But what of sorrow stacked so high  
That happiness can't get nigh?

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### A TREASURE.

In all the first creation's plan  
When God his wonders wrought,  
The greatest gift to mortal man  
Was faculty of thought.

## A MODERN MARTYR.

A woman knelt at close of day,  
Yet for no special gift to pray,  
But just for strength to hide the pain  
That hurt her heart and made it vain,  
For hope to whisper happy hours  
Might still return as folded flowers ;  
For well she knew no future year,  
However fair or full of cheer,  
Could wipe from memory the woe  
Her soul had strangely learned to know.  
She wished alone her cross to bear,  
Nor cast sad shadows anywhere ;  
Yet stinging tongues of slander spoke  
And subtle accusations woke.  
They called her frivolous and vain,  
Too light to feel the force of pain,  
And gradually suggested sin  
As having lurked her past within,  
When all her life was free from scar,  
As spotless robes of angels are.

## WE, TOO.

Old people seem to love to say  
Their time of youth so far away  
Was most superior to this;  
In fact, so much is now amiss—

They tremble.

Distance lends enchantment, so  
They see through memory's mystic glow—  
They simply just can't understand  
The pace this fast, progressive land

Is going.

It really causes them distress  
To see the present style of dress;  
The dancing takes away their breath,  
It mortifies them most to death—

So suggestive!

And, Oh, the way the young folks talk,  
They way they sit, and stand and walk;  
The way they paint and powder, too—  
In fact, most everything they do

Is shocking.

When we get old we'll talk the same,  
To our descendants make the claim  
That what we said and what we sang  
Was quite devoid of silly slang;

We'll forget.

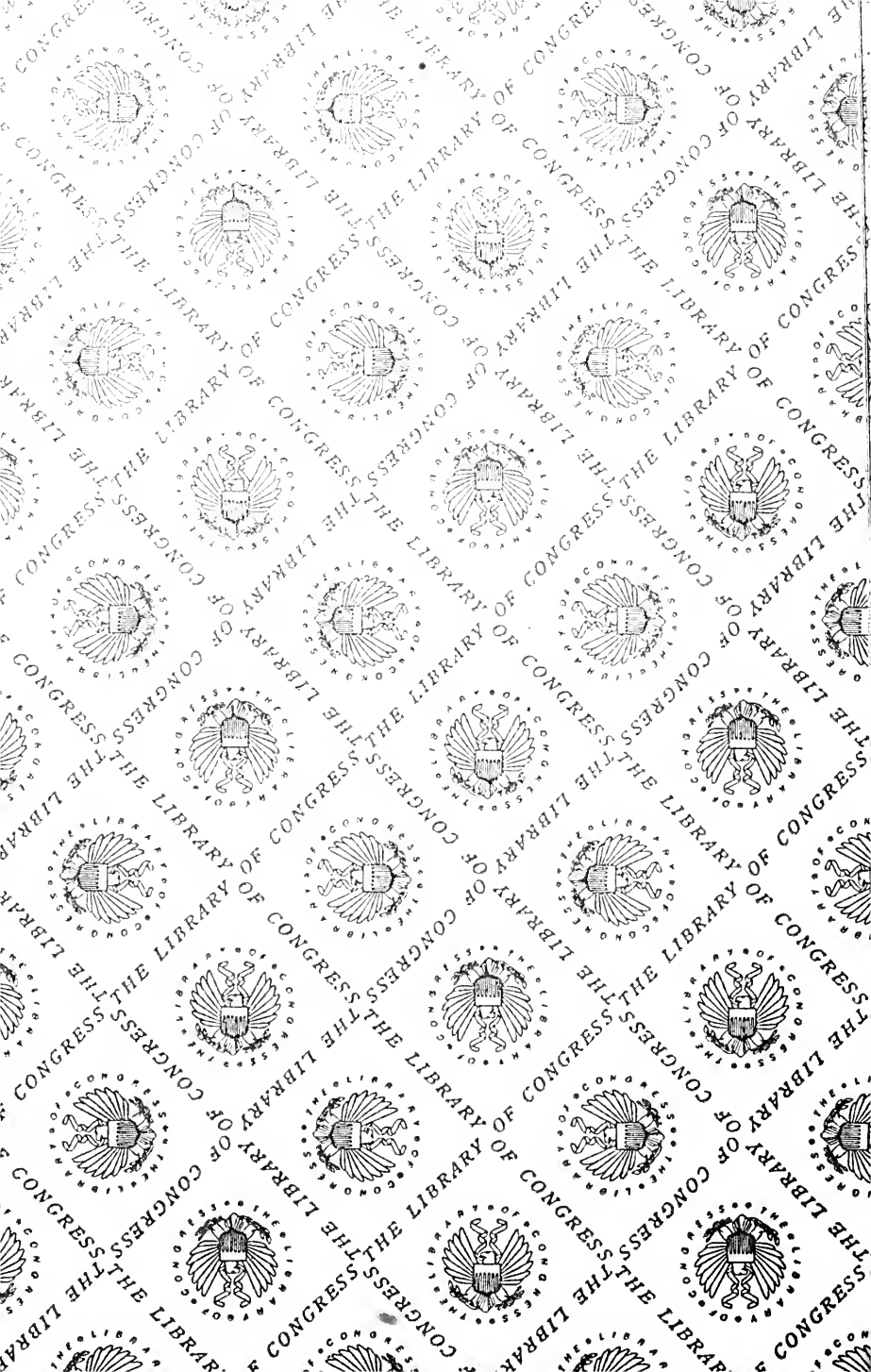
We'll brag about our social code,  
How sweet discretion was the mode;  
That never bold, flirtatious eye  
Was cast by maid to passerby—

Oh, no.

Yes, when our days of youth are gone,  
And we are merely lookers-on,  
We'll softly sigh and sadly say:  
"Folks didn't use to do *that* way."

Indeed we will.

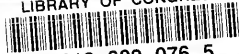








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